THE

MAN-MIDWIFE

UNMASQUED:

BEING

The CASE of a certain *Young Lady*, who apply'd to the noted Doctor *D*----- for his Advice.

CONTAINING,

The Diſcourſe that paſs'd between the Fair Patient, and the Doctor ----- His *Inſpection* into her *Caſe* ----- Her Attempt to *Indict* him for a *Rape* ----- The *Queſtions* ask'd her by the *Jury*, with the *Lady's Anſwers* ------ The *Deceit* diſcover'd, and the *Bill* return'd *Ignoramus*, &c. &c. &c.

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The CASE of a certain Young Lady, who applyed to the ridiculed Doctor D—— for his Advice.

CONTAINING,

THE MAN-MIDWIFE UNMASQU'D, &c.

To the Tune of, *Lumps of Pudding.*

I.

'TIS needleſs the Records of Time to explore,
Our own preſent Age has Examples in ſtore,
Of Miſchief that has by a Woman been done,
The worſt Sort of Miſchief now under the Sun:
Philoſophers, Lawyers, and Stateſmen agree,
And ev'ry Divine too of ev'ry Degree,
At the *Bottom of Miſchief* is always a *Woman*,
And *Miſchief* at *Bottom* of *Woman* is common.

II.

This Maxim allow'd then, we now ſhall proceed,
To mention a comi and farcical Deed;
The primary Thought was a Trick, and no more,
A Device carried on by a plotting young W-----;
The Scheme being laid, ſhe was ſure of the Prize,
Miſtake me not, I don't mean the *Scheme of Exciſe*;
She wanted ſome Money, 'tis true, and ſome --------,
She fail'd of the firſt, but the latter had Luck in.

III. Clad

III.

Clad nice in Apparel, away trips my Lady,
In Fancy as fine as a Queen on a *May-Day*;
To a famous *Man-Midwife* Mock-majeſty came,
And ask'd for —— for whom? Dr. *D*—— by Name.
She ſoon gain'd Admittance, nor had the young Fair
Scarce ſate herſelf down, when the Doctor came there;
Surpriz'd at her Beauty, the young *Don* did eye her,
And wiſh'd he ſo happy might prove, as to try her.

IV.

With Looks now demure, like a *Puritan Sinner*,
Who reflects on the Time when ſhe was a *Beginner*;
Now bluſhing, now ſighing, with Tears trickling down,
Inclining, yet fearful, her Cauſe to make known;
Half Sentences utter'd, then ſeem'd to recant;
Quoth the Doctor, fair Lady, what is it you want?
Then ſqueeſing her Hand, ſaid, your Mind pray diſcover,
I find o'er your Heart ſomething heavy does hover.

V.

Says ſhe, ſince I find that I nought muſt conceal,
My dread Apprehenſions I now will reveal;
And therefore, good Doctor, the Truth I now tell y',
Methinks there is *Something Alive in my Belly.*
You eaſily gueſs by what Means, quoth the Fair,
This Gueſt, that's ſo troubleſome, *got Footing there,*
'Tis a *Slipp'ry Trick*, Mother *Eve* led us to it,
The *Critical Minute ſoon tempts us to do it.*

VI.

She bluſh'd, and immediately *hung down her Head*,
And look'd as with *Shame* ſhe had been half dead;
The Doctor perceiv'd it, and laugh'd in his Sleeve,
Well pleas'd he had met with this Daughter of *Eve*;
His Blood was inflam'd, by her powerful Charms,
He wiſh'd to expire a-while in *her Arms*;
Then, pauſing, concluded, that he muſt careſs *Her*,
And quickly did find out a Way to poſſeſs *Her.*

VII. Says

VII.

Says he, *I perceive, Lady fair, that your Caſe*
May ſoon be attended with Shame and Diſgrace,
Unleſs 'tis prevented; I'll do what I can,
And may venture to ſay, *you will find me a Man;*
A Man both of *Judgment* and *Skill* I do mean,
By *Judgment* and *Skill* I my *Credit* maintain:
But then in each Point you muſt *follow Direction,*
And as your *Caſe* lies, muſt admit of *Inſpection.*

VIII.

The Nymph then reply'd, I'll be rul'd, Sir, by you,
What *Method* you judge the moſt proper, purſue;
But firſt I deſire, before you begin,
To think on the *hapleſs Condition* I'm in.
The Doctor then anſwer'd, you need not to doubt,
What I *put in with Eaſe, with Eaſe ſhall come out;*
I do nothing *raſhly*, but always at *Leiſure,*
Then ſtart not when I ſhall *ſearch into your Treaſure.*

IX.

Good Doctor, you'll find me a Patient, quoth ſhe,
That's all over *Paſſive*, as paſſive can be;
Yet if you ſhou'd venture too far to advance,
Perhaps you may make me to twitter and prance;
But do what you will, I am at your Devotion,
And when you direct me, will follow your *Motion;*
Reſiſtance I hate, and for ever diſclaim,
But *Paſſive-Obedience* was always my Aim.

X.

Up Stairs the grave Doctor with Joy did conduct her,
And now I will tell you how fairly he ----------;
Then into a Chamber, the Nymph, by him led,
Was, with her Conſent, quickly laid on the Bed.
Well-pleas'd in his Mind, with a fluttering Heart,
The Doctor reſolv'd now to ſhew all his Art;
To give Demonſtration that he did reſpect *Her,*
He kneel'd down before her, and then did *Inſpect Her.*

XI.

He firſt did begin *here and there* for to peep,
As mute lay the Nymph, as if ſhe were a-ſleep;
Temptation was ſtrong, and he cou'd not forbear,
But with Vigour attack'd, in the Center, the Fair.
In a Minute he found ſhe began for to move,
All o'er He was Fire, all o'er ſhe was Love;
O, Doctor! ſaid She, fie, what is it you're doing?
I prithee give over, for now —— now —— *I'm going.*

XII.

The Battle once over, the Danger was paſt,
As the Doctor imagin'd, but reckon'd too faſt;
Half breathleſs a-while he did lie on the Spot,
And the Figure he made, ſure will ne'er be forgot;
The Nymph, as with Reaſon you well might ſuppoſe,
To cover her Legs, quickly pull'd down her Cloaths,
Yet heartily wiſh'd he *once more* wou'd *Inſpect Her*,
Her Wiſh was in vain, for he now did *neglect her.*

XIII.

She view'd him all o'er, with an Air of *Diſdain*,
What gave her ſome *Pleaſure*, ſoon gave her more *Pain*;
She was, it is certain, well *Larricompoop'd*,
But vex'd to behold him ſo ſuddenly *coop'd.*
The Doctor *recover'd*, and offer'd his Hand
To lead her down Stairs; like a Mute ſhe did ſtand,
She refus'd him with Rage in her Looks I aſſure y',
And now was the *Venus* chang'd into a *Fury.*

XIV.

Surpriz'd was the Doctor, but wou'd not complain,
What he eagerly ſought, he with Eaſe did obtain;
Yet ſtill there was *one Thing* in which he was ſcant,
For *Money* was what the *Nymph chiefly did want.*
His Time he had *waſted*, nor wou'd he *ſpend more*,
He deem'd her a *ſurly*, an *ill-natur'd* ——;
His *Appetite cloy'd*, ſhe's no *longer regarded*,
But us'd with *Contempt*, and with *Shame was diſcarded.*

XV. Thus

XV.

Thus baulk'd of her Prey, and ill-treated withal,
To aid and aſſiſt her on Hell ſhe does call;
Revenge ſhe does vow, nothing leſs will ſuffice
Her *Rage* to aſſuage, than his Life to EXCISE.
'Tis readily granted ſhe was not a *Maid*,
But ſtill for her Labour ſhe ought to be paid;
The Doctor muſt own ſhe at firſt did *knock-under*,
What then? why Ingratitude is not a Wonder.

XVI.

Obſerve now what Method this Creature did take,
A Method, that ſoon made the Doctor to quake;
Who wiſh'd he had giv'n whate'er ſhe requir'd,
Or double the Sum that her Heart had deſir'd:
He now rues the Time, he *Inſpected That ſame*,
Or play'd at *All Four's*, ſo common a *Game*;
A Bill of Indictment, ſhe brings in a *Fury*,
And ſwore, *ſhe was raviſh'd*, before the *Grand-Jury*.

XVII.

This Matter a-while did admit of Debate,
At length ſhe was order'd her Tale to relate;
The Queſtions were gravely put to her, which ſhe
As gravely did anſwer, for grave ſhe cou'd be.
Pray, Madam, ſaid one, tell us where was the Place,
When firſt to the Doctor you *open'd your Caſe*;
What was it he ſaid, and where did he *abuſe* you,
Remember you Swore he did *ſhamefully uſe you.*

XVIII.

I went to the *Doctor*, and made my *Complaint*,
He look'd ſo *demure* that I thought him a *Saint*,
But oh! a mere *Devil* he ſoon did appear,
By him I'm undone, as you *quickly ſhall hear.*
Young Lady, quoth he, I will tell you your *Caſe*
Muſt by me be Examin'd, but not in this Place;
I ſay 'tis a *Thing that requires Inſpection*,
And you muſt *with Patience* abide my *Direction.*

XIX. Then

XIX.

Then up to his Chamber, by him I was led,
And *gently he laid me along on the Bed*;
And I, a *poor Innocent*, thought it *no Harm*,
'Till I felt ſomething in me, which prov'd to be *warm*,
I *ſtruggled*, and did *All I cou'd*---- but in vain,
For *great was my Sorrow*, and *greater my Pain*:
I ſtrove to cry out, but *no Noiſe cou'd I make*,
He *Tipt me the Velvet, and I cou'd not ſpeak*.

XX.

Quoth the *Don*, *Your Expreſſion to us pray explain*,
And ſay what, by Tipping the Velvet *you mean*:
He put, Sir, his *Tongue in my Mouth*, ſhe reply'd,
And I verily thought that I then ſhou'd have dy'd.
Says the *Don*, *Have you Teeth? why did you not bite*,
Quoth ſhe, *That wou'd ſure have been look'd on as Spite*.
The Jury return'd the Bill *Ignoramus*,
And the Doctor has now got a Name that is famous.

FINIS.